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Illustrated from Photographs



Types of American Beauties

Drawn by Harrison Crockett Henrich

By Blanche Essex Heywood

HARRISON CROCKETT HENRICH, the noted artist of Chicago, New York and Paris, whose illustrations accompany this sketch, is a disciple of Sepia Art. Every touch Henrich lays on canvas is unerringly drawn, every thought he conceives is beautiful. The result is that he gives us some of the most delicate types of American beauty that have yet been produced, save perhaps those of Otto Schneider.

There is an individuality about Henrich's work that is most appealing, it is so human. He knows how to place his forms correctly and he uses light and shade tenderly.

The art-gift is an inherent quality awaiting the time for expression and development. We have come to accept the psychological teaching that the quality of a man's work determines the man. He may elude and escape us in every other way, but in his work never, there we have him to the innermost. All that he sees and likes, all that he can conceive, his thoughts, his imagination, his love of beauty, his subtlety of emotion, his clumsiness, or his cleverness—everything is there. If

the house he builds is a house of cards you know it. But if it be hewn out of stone and enduringly put together, you know that the builder was a master of his craft.

Thus it is with Henrich's art; he puts his heart, his thought and his delightful personality into his work. Ruskin tells us that "Greek Art and all other art is fine when it makes a man's face as like a man's face as it can." This is a distinctive quality in Henrich's drawings of women. He believes that all human faces should be made as like human faces as it is possible to make them. He has a tremendous energy for work and he follows out his ideals with infinite patience. His hand is strong and firm and he keeps it under absolute control so that at all times it can move with serenity and ease.

He is at present living in Los Angeles where he has a beautiful home and a charming wife. He finds much inspiration and many varying types of beauty among the women of the Pacific Coast and the Northwest, and he has done many portraits of society maids and matrons.

A Fishing Trip on the Planet Mars

By F. H. Sidney

Just how does it feel to make a trip to the planet Mars. We have all wondered. It is a thrilling experience going up—Mr. Sidney tells us all about it right here.—Editor.

IT was during my summer vacation one year that I enjoyed a delightful fishing trip on the planet Mars.

I took my fishing rod and a lunch one fine morning and started for a stream where I expected to catch some big bass; although I fished steadily till noon I didn't even feel a nibble. By this time I felt hungry, and sat down under a tree to eat my lunch.

Just as I finished my lunch I noticed a strange looking flower about ten feet away from where I was sitting, and I walked over to examine it. As I reached the spot, the flower suddenly disappeared, and I felt myself being drawn up into space.

I yelled for help. There wasn't a soul in sight, and in a few seconds I was up among the clouds, and had lost all view of the earth.

"Where will I land?" I kept asking myself. "Suppose I should begin to drop?" flashed across my mind. Just then I noticed a speck in the sky above me. I was headed right for it. The speck grew larger, and finally it assumed enormous proportions, and I saw a great world. I sailed above it and then began to slowly descend into what appeared to be a laboratory on the top of a high building.

Just as I touched the floor of the laboratory, a man with a familiar-looking face stepped out from behind an enormous telescope, and cried. "Hello stranger, welcome to the planet Mars."

"John Hopkins;" I cried. "The man that disappeared from our town five years ago."

"The same, he answered, and I've been here ever since. I wouldn't go back under any circumstances."

"How did you get up here?" I asked.

"The same way you did," he replied. "The Martians were hungry for news from 'Mother Earth.' They had tried for years to establish communication between the planets with no success. Finally Astrol, the Martian, Edison, invented that machine you see there, that is a powerful telescope and magnet combined. By training this telescope onto the earth, we can plainly discern people and objects on the earth, and in case we feel we need any of you up here, we can draw you up in a few moments, and drop you back by the same means without injuring you in the least. I could have gone back, but I didn't want to. There were no family ties on the earth to hold me, consequently I preferred to stay, but today I felt hungry for news from old 'Mother Earth,' and asked Astrol to draw someone up. He located you fishing by a creek, and as there was no one in sight down there to witness the feat, and frighten them to death, he quickly drew you up. We'll send you back in a few days, and you can simply say you were lost in the woods for no one will believe your story. The flower that attracted your attention was the reflection of the lense of the telescope. What's the news?"

"Here's a copy of the morning paper," and I handed it to him.

"Bully" he exclaimed, "I'll read that

tonight." Come let me introduce you to Astrol, and show you the wonderful machine, then we'll go to my home and tomorrow we'll go fishing in the Martian Canals."

Hopkins introduced me to Astrol, who explained the wonderful machine to me, and then we stepped aboard a tiny runabout airplane and flew to his home in the country, on the bank of a beautiful, clearwater canal.

"How is it the Martians speak English?" I asked.

"I introduced the language which was adopted as the national language of the planet. I have just completed two terms as President of the planet Mars, and now a woman sits in the President's chair; equal suffrage prevails here, and it has proved a complete success. Here we are home and he dropped to a hangar on the roof of his residence. We then descended into the living room where he introduced me to his handsome wife, and two beautiful daughters.

We spent a very pleasant evening together, Hopkins read bits of interesting news from the paper, I had given him, to his family, and the next day he arranged to have the contents of the whole paper published in all the Martian dailies. The next day at noon Hopkins and myself attended a lunch given in my honor at the Press Club. This lunch was what we would call a banquet on "Mother Earth," there were enormous trout, baked; tiny deer and buffalo, barbecued; broiled game, birds of all kinds, the most delicious fruits, and the table was decorated with flowers.

"We use electricity for everything," explained Hopkins, "heat, cooking, power, fertilizer for the soil, medicine, and even as ammunition for our radio sporting rifles; all power is transmitted by the wireless system. Tomorrow you will have an opportunity to shoot some of these big trout with a radio gun. Our fish are large, but the game animals are small. This was brought about by a scientific system of breeding; there are no reptiles,

beasts of prey or vermin on this planet. We exterminated them long ago."

After lunch we took a trip over the planet in a big passenger airship, returning in time for dinner. I retired early that night in order to be rested for the fishing trip next day.

The most beautiful song I ever heard awakened me the next morning, and looking out of the window, I saw the songster, it was a gorgeously colored bird, somewhat resembling the scarlet tanager.

I dressed and hurried down to breakfast, where the family were waiting for me. As soon as we had finished breakfast, Hopkins and I stepped aboard the runabout and flew to his boathouse on the canal system. The big boathouse was full of all kinds and sizes of watercraft, everything from a canoe to a good sized yacht.

Hopkins ran out a motor canoe, and taking two radio rifles from a locker we stepped aboard, started the engine and ran out into the main canal. "I'll explain the workings of the rifle to you and then you can try your luck, of course you'll miss at first, but as soon as you get used to shooting at a fast moving fish in the water, you'll score a kill every time; its the electric current that kills them, and they come to the top as soon as they are killed. We'll only kill what we can use, that is a custom rigidly followed by the Martian sportsmen, there are no game hogs among us."

"Gee whiz, what a big fellow;" I cried, as a huge fish swam slowly along the sandy bottom of the canal.

"That's a Martian sucker, try the gun on him," answered Hopkins. I tried three times, and missed every time. Finally the fish swam into one of the lateral canals and got away.

"See that big lobster down on the bottom there, don't shoot, reserve your markmanship for bigger game. Wouldn't that fellow create a sensation on exhibition in the show window of some of the 'lobster palaces' on Broadway? Our Martian lobsters are mighty good eating."

"Is the water in the whole canal system as clear and pure as this, and is it sandy bottom everywhere?" I asked.

"Yes," replied Hopkins. "Now we're coming to the game country, and perhaps we'll catch a glimpse of herds of deer and buffalo feeding along the canal."

We are now sailing through a prairie country, and in the distance I saw what I took to be a moving herd.

"Take these field glasses and look at them," said Hopkins.

Sure enough they were a herd of tiny bison, and how odd they looked in their shaggy coats and with the hump on their shoulders. The herd galloped off as the canoe approached.

"Perhaps you could pick one off with the rifle, but what's the use shooting one when we don't need the meat? Pretty soon I think we'll run across some deer or moose. Our little dwarf moose will look odd to you."

Sure enough we ran into both a herd of moose and a herd of deer; we got quite close to them before they noticed us, and I was able to get a good look at them with the naked eye, before they ran off.

"We're now in the trout section of the canal, watch sharp," said Hopkins.

Just then an enormous brook trout crossed our bows, and I made a clean miss. "I'll never get used to this method of fishing Hopkins."

"Don't get discouraged, keep trying."

Just then another big beauty came along, and taking careful aim, I fired, and the big fish turned belly up, and came to the top of the water. I picked him up delighted; "he'll weigh twenty pounds," I cried.

"All of that," replied Hopkins, as he took a pair of scales from the canoe locker. "Just twenty-eight pounds, I think that enough fish for today, we'll have him baked for dinner. Now for a cruise through the wooded country, where we'll probably see some Martian bird life."

We entered a section that was thickly wooded on both sides. There

were birds everywhere, and the air was full of melody. The Martian birds sang even sweeter than those of "Mother Earth."

"See that flock of passenger pigeons," cried Hopkins. "That's something that the game hogs killed off on 'Mother Earth' long ago."

A few moments later we ran into a school of leaping salmon, and how beautiful the silvery bodies looked as they glistened in the sunlight.

"Here comes a flock of partridges, pick one off."

I aimed and fired at one of the leaders, and a large handsome bird dropped into the canal; we picked it up, and weighed it, and I was very much surprised to find its weight was fifteen pounds.

We ran out of the forest and the canal broadened into a huge lake; here we ran into schools of smelts, mackerel, and all sorts of edible fish.

"We'll cruise down as far as salt water, where I will show you some fine clam and oyster beds, then we'll head for home, for tomorrow I want to start you back towards 'Mother Earth' before your family will have given you up altogether; you've been gone two days now. That's long enough to be lost in the wilderness of the New York suburbs."

"See the shellfish on the bottom there, they thrive on our sandy bottoms, and are larger and sweeter, than the shellfish you've been accustomed to. I'll scoop up a few for our dinner tonight," and he drew a collapsible scoop from the canoe locker, and scooped up enough clams and oysters for our evening meal. "Now we'll speed for home," said Hopkins.

The little craft's speedometer registered sixty-five miles an hour; we cut through the water at a terrific rate, and in a very short time we reached the boathouse, where we boarded the run-about airship and flew to Hopkins's home.

Our dinner that night consisted of baked trout, grilled oysters, steamed clams and clam bouillon, and how good everything tasted. I spent a very pleasant

ant evening with the family, and retired early. By six o'clock the next morning I was up and dressed, and after a splendid breakfast, I bade Mrs. Hopkins and her daughters good-bye, and Mr. Hopkins and I flew to the laboratory where Astrol was waiting for us.

How I hated to leave, and I know that Hopkins was sorry to see me go. "Never mind old man," he said. You arrange to be at the same place fishing at the same time next year, and we'll draw you up here and we can enjoy another fishing trip on Mars together."

"Bully," I cried. "It's settled then, and I'll be with you next year at this time." I shook hands with Hopkins and Astrol, then stood in front of the machine as directed by the inventor.

I felt myself lifted gently in the air, and gradually rose above the planet. As soon as I was completely clear of Mars, I began dropping into space and in a few moments my feet touched "Old Mother Earth" again.

I awoke with a start. "Great guns! I've slept the whole afternoon, and nary a fish have I caught, and the sun is about ready to set, guess I'd better start for home. That was certainly the finest dream I ever had. It's too beautiful to tell anyone, guess I'll keep it to myself for a while anyway."

Then I gathered up my belongings and hiked towards home, just as the sun dipped down behind a bend in the river. "That coloring on the water reminds me of a sunset I saw in Mars," I whispered to myself.

"ROSE OF ROSES, STAR OF STARS"

(Lines Written at Lake Bryanthus, Altitude 10,600 Feet, in the High Sierras.)

Great wind-harps of the woods are still
As slowly fades the sun;
The calm lake mirrors every hill;
Yon clouds burn one by one;
And wild, bleak summits strewn with snow
With crimson sun-fire glow
Yet memory e'er brings to me
Your face so sweet and true,
Oh, fairest Rose! I see but you.

The stream is singing in the gorge,
Happy, wild and free;
The ouzel, where the torrents forge
In rarest ecstasy;
And maid-stars in the vast of night,
In paths of golden light;
Yet winds bring but your voice to me
So tender, sweet and true,
Oh, dearest Rose! I hear but you.

In reverie, you are to me
The heaven's fairest star,
Dazzling bright in radiant night
Where all star-maidens are.
All rival beams your splendor bars
Oh, Rose of Roses, Star of Stars!

MILTON S. RAY.